3:Wolf F-5 (1959-1961) 1968 AD5 Taiwan Hokkien
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and gaudy magazines. There is often an itinerant peddler or two during the afternoons, keeping up a steady stream of jokes and praise for his merchandise that would win approval from any sideshow barker. And evenings, particularly the warm, humid evenings of summer when houses are empty and life moves to the doorsteps and walkways, there are elaborate traveling medicine shows with magicians, or acrobats, or strongmen, or even modest operas. On those nights it is difficult to pass through the crowds, and the foreigner's white face isn't half as interesting as the antics going on under the bare electric light bulb that serves as the peddler's spotlight.

The remainder of the trip to Peihotien is on foot. There are always a few pedi-cabs by the station, but one ride in an aged pedi-cab down a rutted country path is sufficient to discourage a second. The walk across Tapu down its main street shouldn't take more than two or three minutes but it usually took me much longer. One side of the street is a roofed colonnade, protecting the shopper from the heat of the sun and the drenching of the rains. Here are the more substantial merchants of Tapu, the men who don't rent rickety stalls or push-carts but own or lease stores with sleeping rooms above or in the back for their families. Although there is a Western-style pharmacy in Tapu, as gaudy and cluttered as any American drug store, the old-fashioned Chinese medicine shop still does a better business. My husband often stopped there to talk with the druggist, an intelligent man who enjoys conversation, while I admired the rows of dignified crockery containers unsullied by advertising. Even on the hottest days the dim interior is cool and exotically fragrant. Next door is something that might be called a housewares store. From the open front to the dark, dusty back, the ceiling is festooned with the merchant's wares—bunches of brass tea kettles looking like giant clusters of pale grapes, chains of shallow, disc-shaped frying pans, strings of short-handled rice-stalk brooms, and ropes of household brushes. Stacked from floor to ceiling are baskets for straining, baskets for carrying, baskets for drying, baskets for fishing, baskets for storing. A shaky tower of pointed bamboo hats that serve the farmer as both umbrella and sunshade perch on an old wooden counter. Hanging from rusty nails are a collection of razor-sharp cleavers that function in the Chinese kitchen both as paring knife and butcher knife; there are dishes, cheap and easily broken; there are small tin cooking stoves that on careful examination prove to be ingeniously constructed of flattened beer

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cans salvaged from the garbage dumps of American military installations. In the next store a pall of dust hangs on everything. This is a small coal-kerosene-rice store, and the debris from the hand-operated rice polishing mill makes everything, even the black coal, a shade lighter. Toward the back there are baskets of charcoal and bundles of neatly cut twigs and branches, carefully graded and tied. Against the back wall are stacked bottles of wine and beer, their necks entwined with cheap handmade rope. The piquant, not quite fresh smell in the air comes from next door, the store we called the pickle shop for want of a better name. Huge jars of pickles—pickled cabbage, pickled radishes, pickled eggplants, even pickled eggs—fill the front of the store, the more expensive delicacies displayed in glass jars, the more routine in heavy, waist-high earthenware crocks. Only a few are preserved in vinegar. Most are salted and allowed to season for several months, or dried in the hot, baking summer sun, or soaked in soy sauce, herbs, or wine. The unlighted rear of the store is brightened somewhat by the gaudy labels on a few shelves of canned foods. They are expensive, not as tasty as the local product, and often dangerous with age and contamination. Nearer the front are the precious tins of powdered milk, a mother's only solution to a dry breast in this damp climate where dairy cows quickly succumb to tuberculosis.

The heart of the town, or at least the source of the greatest commotion each forenoon, is the roofed food market. The market would be difficult to locate were it not for the overflow of shoppers and farmers The entrance is little more than a narrow alley between two store-fronts, an alley made even narrower by the half dozen farmers squatting there amid their baskets of produce. These are men who can't afford to rent stalls under the protection of the roof or farmers who happen that day to have some surplus vegetables or a sudden shortage of cash. Just a few steps down the alley is the open market shed itself and what seems to be a disorganized profusion of produce heaped on trays, piled in baskets, spread on tables, or simply stacked on the bare packed earth: fresh onions, cucumbers, garlic, an infinite variety of melons and squash, eggplants, bamboo shoots, and occasionally fresh mushrooms brought in by some enterprising merchant with Taipei contacts. Scattered between and on top of the vegetables are bananas, papayas, pineapples, guavas, and a few precious apples imported from Japan. Adding a sinister note to the confusion of produce are the meatstalls with carcasses of pigs hanging on huge hooks,

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corner with a dozen or more table tops, stored there until needed in the guest hall for big feasts. Off the dining room, in the side wing of the house, is another sleeping room. This room is occupied most of the time by Lim A-pou's unmarried son, but he usually has to share the *tatami* sleeping platform with visiting children, male relatives, and whatever hired hands happen to be living in the house. Beyond this room is the busiest room in the house, the kitchen. Except on the coldest or stormiest days, the door between the kitchen and the small internal courtyard is kept open for light and ventilation. Most of the floor space is taken up by the huge brick cooking stove which boasts two, rather than the usual single, shallow cooking pans. One corner is filled with a heap of long paper strips, residue from Lim Chieng-cua's cement bag factory. The paper is twisted into hanks and fed into the stove by the women as they cook, by children when they can be caught, and, on cold days, by the men, if they have time to lounge before the evening meal. The walls are dark and dirty with accumulations of smoke and grease. Baskets, rice cake molds, tea kettles, and various other cooking utensils hang at random from pegs. Two closed cupboards hold dishes, rice bowls, cups, chopsticks, and bits of food that need protection from the animals that wander into the house. The kitchen has a convenience that is the envy of every woman in the village and that was a source of considerable misgiving to me. The well and the open cistern into which the water is pumped are located in the kitchen itself. My uneasiness arose from the fact that the next room contained, besides another small stove for the preparation of pig food, the Japanese style toilet. What we euphemistically refer to as "night-soil" is stored until needed for the fields, or until the pit is full, not ten feet from the water supply.

I was never sure just how the wing across the back of the house had been used formerly, but it may have been the original location of the cement bag factory. When we arrived, part of it was used for storage and part of it was taken up with the small bathing room. The storage room was cleared for us to use as a dining room and a sleeping room for our cook and our interpreter. Our long-suffering cook acquisitioned an alcove in the hallway to the bathing room for her coal oil stove. The rest of the back wing was occupied by another family of renters during the first part of our stay, but when they left we took over this space to house our expanding staff and to provide ourselves with a much needed testing room.

207 1,402,000 in 1967 (1969:782) and television sets, from
511 16,000 in 1963 to 164,000 in 1967 (1969:784). Figures for Sanlei indicate the village has shared this growth pattern. The number of radios increased from less than a dozen in 1953 to 41 in 1966. Two out of every three households now have a radio and since radios are played loudly, the village is rarely silent during the day or evening. Two television sets were installed in 1965. The one at the village store faces the street so that a group of villagers can watch the programs.

40 Other items may also indicate both the level of
412 prosperity and the kind of economic activities. Among the
493 409 people (66 households) there are 5 motorcycles, 69
511 bicycles, 30 sewing machines, 55 clocks, 37 electric fans, and 15 electric rice steamers. Farming equipment includes 9 threshing machines, 18 plows, 7 winnowers, 39 insecticide sprayers, 8 hand harrows, 7 foot harrows, and 161 hoes. Since almost everyone is a part-time farmer, there are only about five households in the village without a hoe although a hoe is the only piece of farm equipment
426 owned in several households. Borrowing tools from relatives, friends, and sworn brothers is a regular custom.

511 Every household appears overcrowded with furniture,
352 tables, benches, chairs, cabinets, etc. Beds usually con-
513 sist of a straw mat or a tatami (hard thin straw mattress) on a wooden platform. Some beds are quite large; occasionally, a single bed may exceed 8' by 10'.

243 on the back. However, two features of the job are attrac-
462 tive to women if they are hired. That evening, they are entertained with dinner and do not have to help prepare dinner or clean up afterwards. Second, some women seemingly enjoy the discomfort to be observed in men watching women doing a man's job. The women who claimed this sentiment were all over forty, but younger ones smiled and giggled when this was repeated to a group.

243 Procedures after transplanting are similar to those described for the first crop: weeding, fertilizer, and insecticide but due to warmer weather seldom does it take more than 110 days from transplanting to harvest. More insecticide is needed because of the warmer weather. When the top of rice starts to bend with weight, the field is dried out in preparation for the next crop of vegetables. The second rice crop in Sanlei produces about as much as the first crop, occasionally more. This is rather unusual for Taiwan as a whole and is due to the fortunate abundance of water in Talei Li. Both crops are much larger than [433] earlier in history due to improved strains and technology but the total production is less in Talei Li than the general average for Taiwanese paddy fields because of the poor and shallow soil.

824 Rice straw from the second crop is bundled and sold
• 412 to brokers from Taipei who come out with carts although
438 women gather and save some of the rice straw to make

824 412 438 brooms. There are no permanent relations established with the city brokers; it is strictly a "price" sale.

437 [824] The rice is used to pay land taxes, to exchange for fertilizer, and for home consumption. Because of the size of the population and the limited area of paddy land, surprisingly little makes its way to the market for cash. Some is exchanged for farm labor at a discount over the rate it can be purchased in town to the benefit of the laborer who feels he gets more for his labor and of the farmer who saves by cutting out the middle man and avoiding transportation expenses. (Labor work groups and exchange labor are discussed more fully in Chapter VI.)

Tea

245 [177] Approximately ten years after the Japanese assumed control, tea was introduced into the Talei area from other parts of Northern Taiwan where it was previously well developed. By 1915, there were large harvests in Talei Li. [433] From its inception, tea has been a major cash crop produced for a national and international market. Tea can be grown on the rather steep slope land surrounding the village. All but the shallower slopes are improved by creating a series of steps for the tea plants. Rows of tea plants must be a yard apart, but because of the steepness of the slopes, most steps are only one or two yards wide and therefore, contain only one or two rows per terrace.

592 to have a male manager. This is probably related to the
[516] uncertainty and irregularity of income and the planning needed for the investments in seed, fertilizer, and insecticide before returns are achieved.

592 Although not displayed in Table 4, there is no
391 relationship between the sex of the manager and a residence pattern of matrilocal as opposed to patrilocal.[6] I felt that matrilocal households would probably have a higher incidence of female managers than patrilocal households but this was not supported (see Chapter V).

592 All money earned by household members is considered to belong to the family pool which is managed for the overall good of the household. The male head, whether or not he is the manager of the pool, is expected to have a regular personal allowance and any unmarried son or daughter who has a job and is contributing to the pool should also have a regular allowance and money should be set aside for their weddings (bride price or dowry as the case may be). Only women and children who do not work have no regular allowance.

592 There is one regular exception: married women
593 make brooms and straw hats in their spare time and the
[824] money they earn for these activities does not go into
[412] the family pool nor is anyone in the family supposed to
[291] question what the woman does with this personal money.
[262] She may spend it for family treats like flavored shaved
[426]
[454]
[388]

462 on a piece work basis and orange-orchard weeding on a daily
476 rate. Both pay more than tea grading and are much harder,
245 employing young to middle-age married women. Once again, this is usually performed by regular recurrent groups although income is not shared. Employers from the village our outside hire a group by contacting one member of the group most of whom have one informal leader, an aggressive type in her forties who plans work ahead of time. She earns no extra money but seems to enjoy the power and prestige. Some individuals are hired as individuals and for smaller jobs, teams often break up into sub-units or even individuals.

562 Income from any of the above sources belongs to the
434 woman's family unit as does men's income. However, two
476 sources of income are not shared with the family and are
291 considered the personal resources of females: that derived
412 from making brooms and straw hats. This can be done only
42 in leisure time when other work is not expected, i.e., the time between cleaning up the dinner dishes and going to bed. Once more, some women work individually, but others jointly cooperate and share income.

462 There are other kinds of shared work activities
476 which are not involved with income, the housework such as cooking and cleaning as well as tending children. It was previously pointed out that women in extended families frequently share work or take turns and some women who are friends and neighbors often do the same. There are many